MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

MAY NO. 55

10¢

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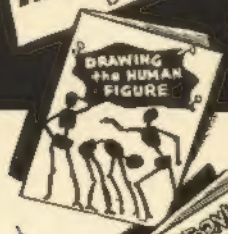
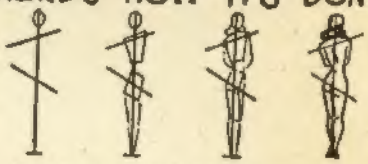


HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE!



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THE HUMAN TORCH

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF TIME SUDDENLY STOOD STILL...BECAUSE THE DAY DECIDED TO COLLECT ALL OF IT'S HOURS ? ? ? TURN THE PAGE AND READ HOW **THE HUMAN TORCH** MET THE CHALLENGE OF THE CLEVEREST ENEMY OF HIS THRILL-PACKED CAREER IN THE STRANGE MYSTERY OF

"THE TERRORISTS OF TIME"

AS TORCH AND TORO ARRIVE AT NEW YORK'S FAMOUS GRAND CENTRAL!

HOPE WE DIDN'T MISS MUCH WHILE WE WERE AWAY!

NICE TO GET BACK TO THE BIG CITY AGAIN, EH?

SUDDENLY---

OOPS!

HEY!

WHAT IS IT-- AN EARTHQUAKE?

GUESS IT'S OVER NOW! I WONDER WHAT----

BUT---

WOW! AGAIN!

WE'D BETTER FLAME----

SOUNDS LIKE AN EXPLOSION, TORO!

YES, A MIGHTY BIG ONE TOO!

ACROSS THE STREET, A SKYSCRAPER EXPLODES, CRUMBLES, SPREADS FIRE AND DEATH!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

LOOK--IT'S THE LOWERY BANK BUILDING!

ND CENTRAL STATION

THE FIRE'S SPREADING! WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!

AT THIS MOMENT, IN THE 50TH STORY OF A SKYSCRAPER--- HALF A MILE AWAY---

AH! THE LOWERY BANK IS DESTROYED FOREVER!

JA! WE MUST INFORM THE DAY IMMEDIATELY!

ACH! THE HUMAN TORCH JUST STOPPED THE FIRE!

HELLO! DER TAG? JA! LOWERY BANK DESTROYED! THE HUMAN TORCH-

WHAT DOES IT MATTER! NOW WE KNOW THE PLAN IS A SUCCESS!

HEIL HITLER!

I HAVE ORDERED X...V... AND III TO RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS! CALL THE REST OF THE HOURS! IT IS TIME FOR AN IMPORTANT MEETING!

JA, HERR DAY!

NOT A CLUE, TORCH!

MEANWHILE---

DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR ONE!

IT'S THE FOURTH BUILDING DESTROYED IN THE LAST WEEK, BUT THE FIRST REAL BIG ONE!

HMMM!

YES... AND EACH ONE HAS BEEN MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE LAST!

ALMOST AS IF THE MASTER MIND HAD BEEN TRYING OUT HIS METHOD ON SMALL BUILDINGS....TO MAKE SURE IT WOULD WORK ON BIGGER ONES!

ABOUT TO LEAVE THE SCENE, TORCH'S KEEN EYE SPOTS SOMETHING!

WHAT'S THAT?

LOOKS LIKE PART OF THE WRECKED BUILDING'S CLOCK!

STOP WONDERING AND ASK PETER HERRICK, TORCH! HE TAKES CARE OF THE CITY'S BIGGEST CLOCKS! MAYBE HE CAN GIVE YOU SOME INFORMATION!

A GOOD IDEA, CHIEF!

LATER THAT AFTERNOON....

PETER HERRICK
WATCHES & CLOCKS

PRETTY CLASSY, EH? EVEN FOR FIFTH AVENUE!

HMM....THIS RUBBERIZED WIRE MUST HAVE BECOME ATTACHED TO THE BACK OF THE CLOCK IN THE EXPLOSION!

BUT MR. HERRICK, THAT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE!

IT MAY SEEM SO, TORCH---BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU SUCH WIRE IS NEVER USED FOR CLOCKS!

THANK YOU, SIR! GOOD DAY!

WHAT NEXT, TORCHIE?

THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO IS WAIT FOR THE MYSTERIOUS FORCE TO STRIKE AGAIN! MAYBE WE'LL FIND A CLUE THEN!

MEANWHILE, HUNDREDS MAY LOSE THEIR LIVES--ALL FOR A CLUE WE MAY **NEVER** FIND!

THREE HOURS LATER, THE DAY PRESIDES AT A STRANGE MEETING!

SUCCESS! WE KNOW NOW THAT MY GENIUS HAS GIVEN US THE MOST REMARKABLE REMOTE CONTROL METHOD FOR DESTRUCTION!

WHEN WE FINISH WITH NEW YORK CITY--WRECKING IT PHYSICALLY AND SPIRITUALLY--WE MOVE ON TO OTHER CITIES---

WE WILL CONTINUE TO SERVE DER FEUHRER! HEIL HITLER!

HEIL HITLER!

HEIL--SIG HEIL!

STARTING AT MIDNIGHT--- NEW YORK WILL EXPERIENCE THE WORST TERROR IN HISTORY! NOTHING CAN STOP US! NOT EVEN THE HUMAN TORCH!

JA! EVERY HOUR ONE OF ITS BIGGEST BUILDINGS WILL BE DESTROYED!

AT TWELVE MIDNIGHT--THE TRYSLER BUILDING!

ONE O'CLOCK-- THE MOOLWORTH BUILDING!

TWO O'CLOCK, THE DIMES BUILDING!

FINE! FINE! NOW I WILL MAKE SURE THE TERROR IS ABSOLUTELY BEYOND BOUNDS! TO THE ANTENNA, QUICK!

JA, HERR DAY!

HURRY!

INSIDE OF FIFTEEN MINUTES, WE WILL CUT INTO THE WAVE LENGTH OF NEW YORK'S STATION WYNC-- AND YOU CAN DELIVER THE MESSAGE!

SOON AFTER, IN TORCH AND TORO'S APARTMENT---

NEW YORK

FOURTH MYSTERY BLAST WRECKS SKYSCRAPER

LOWERY BANK BUILDING WRECK

SUDDENLY---

WHAT'S UP?

TORO! EVERYONE OF THE DESTROYED BUILDINGS HAD A CLOCK!

THAT PIECE OF RUBBERIZED WIRE WE FOUND!-- MAYBE IT'S A REAL CLUE!

YOU MEAN WE OUGHT TO CHECK THE WRECKAGE OF THE OTHER BUILDINGS TO SEE IF---

BLAST PIC

NEW

STATION W.Y.N.C. BRINGS YOU THE CORRECT TIME EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR! WHEN--

IF WE'RE LEAVING, I'D BETTER SHUT OFF THE RADIO!

WITHOUT WARNING, A STRANGE VOICE INTERRUPTS---

YES!--AND EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR STARTING AT MIDNIGHT, THE MIGHTY DAY WILL EXPLODE ONE OF NEW YORK'S BIGGEST SYKSCRAPERS! FIRST, THE TRYSLER BUILDING AT MIDNIGHT! AT ONE O'CLOCK THE MOOLWORTH---- CLICK!

THAT'S ALL WE NEED TO KNOW!

INSTANTLY, THEY FLAME UP---

TRYSLER BUILDING--- HERE WE COME!

G-GOSH---MIDNIGHT'S LESS THAN TEN MINUTES OFF!

WHAT CAN WE DO TO PREVENT THE EXPLOSION??

THAT RUBBERIZED WIRE!---IT'S TIED UP WITH THE SCHEME SOMEHOW!

BY REMOTE CONTROL OF SOME SORT, THE BUILDINGS ARE EXPLODED WITHOUT ANY-ONE NEAR THEM---WE'LL SOON FIND OUT IF WE'RE RIGHT!

BELOW THE FLAMING FIGURES, FIRE ENGINES CLANG AND SIRENS WAIL---

HOLY HYDRANTS! POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS MUST HAVE HEARD THE DAY'S MESSAGE TOO!

THERE'S THE TRYSLER BUILD-ING AND THERE'S THE CLOCK!

IT'S TORCH AND TORO!

THEY'LL BE KILLED IF THE EXPLOSION GOES OFF ON TIME!

LIKE TWIN DEMONS, THE SONS OF FLAME RIP INTO THE HUGE CLOCK, ZIPPING OFF HANDS---SEARING THROUGH METAL---

DON'T LOSE A SECOND, TORO!

NOT WHEN I HAVE MY HANDS ON AN HOUR!

UNTIL---

JUST WHAT I THOUGHT! RUBBERIZED WIRE ATTACHED TO THE CLOCK!

OUT!

R-R-R-I-P!

THINK EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, TORCH

WE'LL SEE!

SWIFTLY THEY FLAME OFF!

HOW MUCH TIME TO MIDNIGHT, CHIEF?

F-FIFTEEN SECONDS!

TENSELY---WITH EVERY TICK AN ETERNITY---THEY WAIT--IN FRONT OF THE DOOMED SKYSCRAPER!

COURAGE, CHIEF!

B-BUT THE BUILDING WILL BLOW UP, TORCH!

MIDNIGHT!

AND NOTHING HAPPENED YET!

B-BUT---HOW IN THE WORLD?

S-SURE! OWW!

NOTHING WILL HAPPEN! C'MON, TORO--GOTTA FLAME UP!

NOW I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE BRAINS BEHIND THE MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSIONS!

I'M JUST ITCHIN' TO SAIL IN!

MEANWHILE, IN A HUGE UNDERGROUND ROOM, BLOCKS AWAY----

DER TRYSLER BUILDING DID NOT EXPLODE!

ONLY THIS AFTERNOON I TESTED EVERYTHING!

I-I-HAVE FAILED DER FEUHRER! I MUST---

WAIT, MIDNIGHT!---- PERHAPS THERE WAS A SHORT CIRCUIT!

HOWEVER, THERE WILL BE NO SHORT CIRCUIT AT ONE O'CLOCK!

NEIN! YOU INSPECTED THAT ONE PERSONALLY, HERR TAG!

JUST HALF AN HOUR--- THEN----

THEN----WHAT???

TH-THE HUMAN TORCH!

NICE DAY IF IT DON'T RAIN--- FIREBALLS!

YOWP!

AAAAAAA! I'M BURNING!

HERE'S WHERE I KNOCK YOU INTO THE MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK!

TIME SURE STANDS STILL TONIGHT, HOT SHOT!

YOWIE---TORCH! FANCY MEETING THREE HOURS AT ONE TIME!

LET'S RAP THE REST OF THE HOURS IN A NICE WATCHCASE--- OF FIRE!

RIGHT! BUT WHERE'S THE DAY?

ONE SECOND TO ONE! IF I CAN GET TO THAT MAIN SWITCH, THE MOOLWORTH BUILDING IS DOOMED!

HEY!

MOOLWORTH BUILDING

TH-THIS DIAL OF FIRE!---IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

NOW!

MOO ORTH BUILDING

AAAAAAAAH!---TH-THE FIRE MELTED THE SWITCH!

NOW I'LL MELT YOU! WITHOUT THE MASK!

PETER HERRICK, THE WATCH AND CLOCK EXPERT!

YOU'D BETTER PHONE THE F.B.I. FROM HERRICK'S STORE UP-STAIRS!

SOMETIME LATER---

AS SOON AS YOU DISCOVERED THE FIRST FOUR BUILDINGS HAD CLOCKS, THE DAY'S ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE TRYSLER BUILDING REGISTERED--- BECAUSE IT HAD A CLOCK TOO!

EXACTLY! WHEN I PREVENTED THE TRYSLER EXPLOSION BY TEARING OUT THE RUBBERIZED WIRE, I KNEW PETER HERRICK WAS THE DAY!

BECAUSE HERRICK'S WAS THE ONLY CONCERN THAT HAD ACCESS TO THE CLOCKS AND IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIS MEN WHO PUT THE WIRE IN IT!

IF ALL CLOCKS WERE CONNECTED, WHY DIDN'T YOU WRECK ALL THE BUILDINGS AT ONCE?

I-I WANTED THE M-MYSTERY OF INDIVIDUAL EXPLOSIONS TO CREATE TERROR---- AND RUIN MORALE!

YES! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SO---IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE HUMAN TORCH!

AND TORO!

SUB-MARINER

"THE FLYING GRAVEYARD"

STRANGE AND HORRIBLE WAS THE WEIRD MYSTERY WHICH FACED THE ALLIES WHEN AMERICAN TROOPS FOUGHT AGAINST AMERICAN TROOPS. THE MYSTERY BECAME AN EVIL MENACE TO THE FOUR FREEDOMS. ONLY ONE MAN IN THE ENTIRE WORLD --- SUBMARINER --- DARED TO CHALLENGE THE SATANIC MIGHT OF THE EVIL MONSTER OF NAZISM, THE "BLACK SNAKE" AND THE ENIGMA OF "THE FLYING GRAVEYARD"!

THROUGH THE WINDOW OF A LONELY LIGHTHOUSE, SUB-MARINER SCANS THE OCEAN WITH POWERFULL BINOCULARS!

I'M A-TELLIN' YA, I SAW 'EM WITH MY OWN EYES!-- TWO SHIPS FULL OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS A-FIGHTIN' EACH OTHER!!

YES, I KNOW--IT GETS VERY LONESOME OUT HERE SOMETIMES!

HOLY HALIBUT! ARE WE BOTH CRAZY?

KEEP THE LIGHTHOUSE BURNING OLDTIMER!-- I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS...

THOSE SNAKE-EYED JAPS PROBABLY HOISTED AN AMERICAN FLAG ON ONE OF THEIR SHIPS!--THAT MUST BE THE ANSWER

BUT IS IT? FOR AS HE DRAWS NEARER, SUBMARINER BEGINS TO DOUBT HIS OWN REASONING!!

CACKLING CLAMS! THEY BOTH LOOK LIKE REAL AMERICAN SHIPS!!

BUT WHICH ONE IS WHICH? WHICH ONE FIRED ON THE OTHER FIRST?

I'LL TRY THIS ONE

WHISTLIN' WALES!--THEY'RE USING JAP LINGO!--BUT THEY ARE YANKS JUST THE SAME

THIS IS A PICKLE! I CAN'T FIGHT AGAINST AMERICANS EVEN IF THEY ARE OUT OF THEIR MINDS!

SOCK

SUBMARINER'S PROBLEM IS SUDDENLY TAKEN OUT OF HIS HANDS AS THE OTHER SHIP REGISTERS A PERFECT HIT!

C-R-A-S-H

WOW!

I'LL GET THESE BOYS WHERE IT'S SAFE AND THEN MAYBE I CAN RESCUE SOME OF THE OTHERS!

CALLING UPON ALMOST FANATICAL STRENGTH, THE TWO SOLDIERS BREAK LOOSE FROM SUBMARINER'S GRIP--

WE HAVE FAILED MOST HONORABLE EMPEROR! HARI KARI IS ONLY WAY TO SAVE FACE!! GLUB--GLUB!--

FLYING FLUKE! NOW THEY'RE TRYING TO COMMIT SUICIDE!

I'VE GOT TO GET THESE TWO ON SHORE AND FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON!---THIS IS ALL FANTASTIC!!!

SOME MILES AWAY SUBMARINER IS SIGHTED BY A DESTROYER AND PICKED UP

HAUL AWAY!... NOW I WON'T HAVE TO GET TO SHORE TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

INSIDE THE COMMANDER'S QUARTERS

THESE ARE GENUINE IDENTITY PAPERS ALL RIGHT THEY SHOW THESE MEN WERE DRAFTED ABOUT TEN MONTHS AGO!

SHIVERING SHAD WE'D BETTER SEE IF WE CAN GET ANYTHING OUT OF THEM

SUBMARINER AND THE COMMANDER GO INTO THE SICK BAY

I'M SORRY, SIR THE MEN HAVE JUST DIED. THEY'VE BEEN DRUGGED BY A POWERFUL NARCOTIC, WHICH EVIDENTLY HAD TO BE REPEATED OR THE RESULT... DEATH!

ON THE DECK OF THE DESTROYER

APPARENTLY, THOSE MEN WERE ON ONE OF THE TROOPSHIPS THAT VANISHED LAST MONTH. THREE OF THEM DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE... FROM THIS VICINITY TOO.

SOMETHING STRANGE IS GOING ON, ALL RIGHT, SINCE ONLY TROOPSHIPS VANISH... I'D LIKE TO BOARD ONE OF THOSE YOU'RE CONVOYING NOW!

O.K., SUBMARINER! I'LL HAVE LIEUTENANT GREENE TAKE YOU OVER!

NO TIME FOR THAT, THANKS! IT'S EASIER TO SWIM!

MINUTES LATER

IT'S SUBMARINER, BOYS!

WELCOME, SUBMARINER, WHAT'S UP?

HIYA, LADS! JUST PAYING A LITTLE VISIT!

SUBMARINER SPEAKS TO THE CAPTAIN

COMMANDER FROST TOLD ME ABOUT THE TROOPSHIPS THAT VANISHED, SO I THOUGHT I'D COME ALONG IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENS

GLAD TO HAVE YOU SUBMARINER!

ABRUPTLY, FROM OVER THE HORIZON, A DEADLY CONE SWEEPS FORWARD WITH MURDEROUS FURY!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A TORNADO. THERE'S BEEN A GOOD MANY RECENTLY!

AND SPLIT SECONDS LATER TRAGEDY STRIKES!

SHIVERING SHRIMPS! WHAT TH...?

IN A FLASH, A HEROIC FIGURE CLEAVES THE WATER, ON THE TRAIL OF A GIGANTIC CLUE!

WITH MY OWN EYES I SAW THE TORNADO PICK UP THAT SHIP.. BUT I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT-- IT'S IMPOSSIBLE

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, BUT THIS IS ONE WAY TO FIND OUT

GULP!! I HOPE I'M NOT BEING HASTY!

SUDDENLY--- SUBMARINER IS WHIRLED ALOFT IN THE CRUSHING GRIP OF THE TORNADO AND SWIFTLY CARRIED SKYWARD!!

PICKLED PIKE! I THINK I HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING

POWER PLANT

LABORATORY

TORNADO CONTROL TOWER

SOLDIERS QUARTERS

CONTROL FOR FLOATING LAKE

GALLOPING GUPPIES! SO THIS IS WHERE THOSE TROOP SHIPS DISAPPEARED TO! AND WHERE THE YANKEE-JAPS CAME FROM

..AND FINDS HIMSELF IN A SINISTER CREATION.... A SKY FORTRESS HELD UP BY THE SHEER POWER OF A MAN MADE TORNADO.. HERE THE YANKS WERE DRUGGED AND RELEASED AGAIN TO FIGHT THEIR BROTHERS IN ARMS...

QUICK! SWINE, TWO LINES, PLEASE

THEY'RE MANIACS THEY MUST'VE BEEN DRUGGED

SAY, JOE THESE GUYS ARE LOCO, WE BETTER OBEY THEM FOR AWHILE

THEY WON'T SEE ME HERE..

JUST THEN, ENTERS "BLACK SNAKE"... CRUEL AND VENOMOUS AS HIS NAMESAKE

WELCOME! OH HONORABLE BLACK SNAKE!

YOU DIRTY NAZI RAT!

YANKEE SCUM! SHOW RESPECT WHEN YOU SPEAK TO ME!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR FOUL SCHEME IS BUT I'LL STOP IT...!

YOU... AAGGGHHH

S-SILENCE DOG!---TAKE THE REST OF THESE S-SCUM TO THE LABORATORY--THIS WILL TEACH THEM NOT TO DISOBEY!

THE NAZI RAT! I'D BETTER TAKE A HAND IN THIS RIGHT NOW!

WHO'S THAT?--- S-STOP HIM!!

I HATE TO HIT THESE AMERICANS, BUT IT'S FOR THEIR OWN GOOD! THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO THOSE BOYS TO MAKE THEM ACT LIKE JAPS, BUT, BY NEPTUNE I'M GOING TO STOP IT.

BRING ME HIS-S HIDE OR I VILL HAVE YOURS-S

OKAY, BLACK SNAKE! ONE HIDE COMING DOWN!!!

BOY!! THIS IS GO□□ FOR A CHANGE! A REAL JAP!

POW

EEEEK!

MAYBE A LITTLE DUNKING WILL HELP! ANYHOW I'LL KEEP YOU OUT OF MY WAY

BUT SUDDENLY THE FIENDISH "BLACK SNAKE" HIMSELF TAKES A HAND AND THE TIDE TURNS AGAINST SUBMARINER.

I'LL HAFF TO HANDLE THIS-S MYSELF BEFORE THOS-SE BUNGLING FOOLS-S RUIN EVERYTHING, ACH!

BY NEPTUNE--- I SHOULD HAVE KEPT AN EYE ON THAT YELLOW-BELLIED SEA-LIZARD

ONE MOVFE-- AND YOU DIE!

MAYBE I'D BETTER PRETEND TO GIVE IN--- AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS

THE "BLACK SNAKE" LEADS HIS PRIZE PRISONER IN TO THE LABORATORY

ACH! I KNOW YOU NOW!-- YOU ARE THIS S-SUBMARINER I HAFF HEARD ABOUT! BUT ALL YOUR VAUNTED POWER MEANS-S PFT! TO THE "BLACK SNAKE"

ORATORY

THE "BLACK SNAKE" DECIDES TO HAVE SPORT WITH NAMOR---

THROW HIM IN DE TANK! VE VILL FIRST SEE HOW GOOD HE ISS IN VATER!

GALLUPING SEA HORSES, WHAT A PLACE!

"BLACK SNAKE'S" BELLY HEAVES WITH LAUGHTER AS---

IT'LL BE A JOKE ON HIM IF HE THINKS OF DROWNING ME!

THIS-S IS-S AMUSSING I HAVEN'T HAD SSUCH SSPORT SINCE I VIPPED DAT BOY AT GOERING'S ESSTATE!

NAMOR, REFUSING TO AMUSE, THE "BLACK SNAKE" TAKES STEPS--

THIS-S MAY COME AS S A S-SHOCK TO YOU! HA! HA!

SMOTHERING SMELT! ELECTRICITY!! I HOPE I CAN TAKE IT!

FAILING TO GOAD SUBMARINER INTO AMUSING HIM---"BLACK SNAKE" DECIDES ON ANOTHER SPORT

MAYBE YOU VILL BE LESS S-STUBBORN VEN I RETURN, YOU UNTER-VATER RAT! I'FF HEARD YOU CAN'T LIFF LONG VIDOUT VATER! LET'S-S S-SEE HOW LONG! HA!!

PUTRICELLI, A CHEMIST FORCED TO DO "BLACK SNAKE'S" BIDDING PLEADS FOR SUBMARINER.

PLEASE, SIGNOR "BLACK SNAKE," YOU SHOULD-A LET DA GOOD-A MAN GO!

BAH!

AS THE WATER IS DRAINED FROM THE TANK---

I WORK-A HARD TO INVENT-A MY FLOATING ISLAND TORNADO AND WHAT-A HAPPENS? YOU GET-A MUSSOLINI TO KID-NAP-A ME AND YOU USE-A MY GREAT INVENT-ION TO KILL-A PEOPLE! THAT'S-A NO GOOD!

S-SHUT UP! PUTRICELLI!

BACK TO WORK YOU FOOL!!

I'LL FINISH MIT YOU SUB-MARINER, AS-S S-SOON AS-S I HAFF TAKEN GUT CARE OFF DER NEW BATCH OFF YANKEE SWINE..

NAMOR LEAPS, BUT FAILS TO REACH THE TOP, BECAUSE OF HIS WEAKENED CONDITION PUTRICELLI WATCHES HELPLESS

IT'S-A NO GOOD! EVEN IF YOU GET-A OUT WE WILL USE-A THAT TERRIBLE MEDICINE ON-A YOU!

PUTRICELLI SPOTS THE WATER PIPE OUTLET!

I MUST-A HELP THESE-A SUBMARINER! HE'S-A NICE-A MAN! BUT HOW I DO THIS?___ ON! WAIT-A ONE-A MINOOT!

THESE-A RUBBER PIPE__ HA! HA! I, PUTRICELLI, WILL FIX-A TH.S "BLACK SNAKE"!

HURRY, HURRY, I'M GETTING WEAK

CATCH-A DA HOSE, MISTA SUBMARINER__

TUMBLING TUNA! THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

GRABBING THE THICK RUBBER HOSE SUBMARINER JUMPS WAY UP TO THE TOP OF THE SLIPPERY TANK__

ABRUPTLY THE DOOR OPENS___AND THE FIENDISH "BLACK SNAKE" RETURNS!

YOU KNOW, I THINK VE'LL GIFF OUR VATER RAT A SHOT OFF DRUG! HE COULD DO A LOT OFF DAM..

VAT IS-S GOINK ON HERE?

HURRY!! MISTA SUBMARINER

S-SO THE WORM WAS-S TRYING TO TURN!__ I WILL CUT YOU TO RIBBONS__

S-SO YOU'RE FREE, YANKEE S-SCUM ACH!! OOOPHH

FREE ENOUGH TO BEAT THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOU!!!

WHAM

YOU DON'T LIKE MY TRICK ARM, EH? IT VAS-S BLOWN OFF BY AN AMERICAN SHELL! IS-SN'T IT AMUS-SING THAT IT TURNED INTO A BETTER VEAPON? NOW YOU VILL TASTE ITS-S S-STRENGTH

NOT YET, NAZI SNAKE! TAKE A DUCK, CLUCK!

I'LL EVEN JOIN YOU!

THIS-S VON'T HELP YOU, SHVINE!--I CAN STILL CUT YOU TO RIBBONS-S-S!

THIS ONE IS DOWN PAYMENT FOR THOSE SOLDIERS YOU TURNED INTO JAP SLAVES!

LIKE THE BLOW OF A TRIP-HAMMER, SUBMARINER'S MIGHTY RIGHT ARM SENDS "BLACK SNAKE" SPINNING INTO THE SAME WATER FUNNEL WHICH SUCKED UP NAMOR INTO THE ISLAND

THAT OUGHT TO MAKE CHOPPED CHOWDER OUT OF HIM---!

OOWWWWWW

SWIFTLY FREEING THE ITALIAN SCIENTIST, SUBMARINER RACES TO THE CONTROL TOWER OF THE "FLYING GRAVEYARD OF SHIPS AND MEN.

DA SOLDIERS WILL-A DIE IF THEY DON'T GET-A DA REGULAR DOSES OF DA MEDICINE THAT MAKE-A THEM THINK AND ACT-A LIKE-A DA JAP!--- BUT I KNOW-A DA ANTEDOTE! I FIX-A THEM, SI?

SURE--THAT'S GREAT---GOSH, THAT LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE JAP NAVY!!!

PULLING A LEVER, SUBMARINER SENDS THE ISLAND SPEEDING TOWARD THE OCEAN!

HANG ON--PUTRICELLI!! WE'RE GOING TO DROP IN ON SOME MORE SNAKES-- AND I DO MEAN DROP!!

HURTLING HADDOCK! THIS IS QUITE AN INVENTION!!

IT'S-A GOOD, BUT SUCH-A BEAUTIFUL INVENTION SHOULD-A ONLY HELP DA PEOPLE!!

CRASH!

YI! YI! YI! YI!

END OF HONORABLE WORLD!!

LATER--ON THE DECK OF AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP

WE CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, SUBMARINER! AND THANKS TO MR PUTRICELLI, FOR SAVING OUR BOYS TO FIGHT AGAIN!

THEY ARE THE BOYS THAT WILL REALLY BRING US VICTORY!

I WORK-A FOR AMERICA NOW I MAKE-A DA GREAT INVENTIONS TO BEAT DA NAZIS AND JAPS!

The End

Terry Vance The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

HIYA, DEADLINE, HERE WE ARE! WHAT'S COOKIN'?

GEE, MAYBE I'LL MEET SOME OF MY RELATIVES!

HI, TERRY! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO LIVE WITH A CIRCUS FOR A WEEK?

EXTRA!! DEADLINE HAS PUT IN A HURRIED PHONE CALL TO OUR YOUNG FRIEND, TERRY VANCE! WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT? LET'S SEE!

SOUNDS GREAT, DEADLINE - TELL ME ABOUT IT!

CHK-CHK.

THERE 'VE BEEN SEVERAL ROBBERIES AT THE **MIGHTY** CIRCUS THE PAPER IS SENDING ME OUT TO SEE IF I CAN PICK UP A STORY!

I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS SWELL ASSIGNMENT!

WHEN THE BOSS TOLD ME, I THOUGHT OF YOU, TERRY! HOW ABOUT IT?

SOON...

THE CIRCUS IS NOW IN ARCADIA--WE'LL BE THERE SOON!

WHEN I WAS A KID, I ALWAYS WANTED TO JOIN THE CIRCUS!

THE BOYS REACH THE CIRCUS GROUNDS AND MEET MR. STEVENS, THE OWNER OF THE BIG SHOW!

THIS TENT'LL BE YOUR HOME FOR NEXT WEEK!

DEADLINE, DR. WATSON AND I WILL LOOK AROUND WHILE YOU TALK TO MR. STEVENS!

HOPE YOU'LL LIKE IT!

THANKS, MR. STEVENS!

MEANWHILE - MARKO, THE MAGICIAN IS IN HIS TENT PRACTICING!

I SLIPPED UP ON THIS TRICK YESTERDAY -- THAT MUST NOT HAPPEN AGAIN!

AT THIS MOMENT, TERRY IS PLAYING WITH THE MONKEY!

CATCH IT, DR. WATSON! CATCH IT!

BUT--

THUD!

AND--

YOU DIRTY LITTLE ANIMAL! YOU'VE BROKEN MY ILLUSION CABINET! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM ANYWAY?

CHK-CHK- HEY--WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE SLAPPING AROUND!?

GOT LOOSE, DID YOU? I'LL FIX YOU, YOU SCRAWNY LITTLE APE!

YOU BIG MUG, WHO ARE YOU CALLING A GORILLA? NOW, I'M NOT EVEN SORRY I BROKE YOUR OLD CABINET!

DR WATSON TAKES HIS REVENGE!

HEY CUT IT OUT-OUCH!

I'M GOING TO PITCH FOR BROOKLYN NEXT YEAR-STRIKE ONE!

10.

OW-OHH! I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK WHEN I GET-MY HANDS ON YOU! I'LL--

GANGWAY! GANGWAY!

SO -- IT'S YOUR MONKEY, IS IT? I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM AND, I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR OWNING THE BEAST!

OH, SAY-- I'M SORRY! HE DIDN'T KNOW! ISN'T THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO?

BUT MARKO REFUSES TO BE PLACATED AND LATER, WHEN HIS ASSISTANT ARRIVES - —

HELLO, DANIELS, I WAS WAITING FOR YOU TO COME!

YEAH, BOSS? WHAT'S UP?

BUSINESS IS GOOD IN ARCADIA! WE'LL ROB THE PAY WAGON AGAIN TONIGHT! HAVE YOUR MEN READY AFTER THE SHOW!

ROBBING THE **MIGHTY** CIRCUS IS GETTING TO BE A PROSPEROUS HABIT!

THEY SURE ARE DUMB -- HAVEN'T GOT WISE TO US YET!

MEANWHILE, TERRY RETURNS TO HIS TENT AND FINDS A NOTE FROM DEADLINE!

HO-SNEAKIN' OUT ON US, EH?

WELL, DR. WATSON-- I GUESS WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT AMUSING OURSELVES AROUND HERE, EH?

At Grand Hotel in Oak Park with Stevens on business. Back tomorrow— Deadline

TERRY TAKES THE MONKEY TO THE EVENING PERFORMANCE, THEN ...

NOW, BE A GOOD MONK AND GO TO BED! I WANT TO WALK AROUND TOWN AND GET SOME AIR!

CHK CHK- I'M OLD ENOUGH TO STAY UP! YOU CAN'T SEND ME TO BED LIKE THAT!

DR. WATSON PROWLS AROUND THE CIRCUS GROUNDS--

HEY-- WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE? THOSE MEN HAVE GUNS!! SAY, THAT'S THE PAY-WAGON!

I'LL SNEAK IN THE FRONT WAY--MAYBE I CAN STOP THIS!

DR WATSON TRIES TO WARN THE PAY MASTER...

HEY - HOW'D YOU GET LOOSE?

CHK-CHK-CHI CHI!

BUT--

MY GOSH.. EVERYONE AROUND HERE SEEMS TO THINK I'M JUST A DUMB ANIMAL!

DR. WATSON LEAPS BRAVELY INTO ACTION!

A MONKEY! HEY, GET HIM AWAY FROM ME -- I'LL KILL HIM!

DON'T SHOOT- THEY'LL HEAR IT!

LET'S GO, BILL-- I'VE GOT THE CASH!

THAT OUGHT TO HOLD THIS BEAST!

OUCH-- I'M CRIPPLED! AND THEY'RE GETTING AWAY! WHAT CAN I DO?

FIVE MINUTES LATER... IN MARKO'S TENT.

HERE'S THE TAKE, MARKO!

THERE WAS A LITTLE MONKEY IN THE WAGON.. SEEMED TO KNOW WE WE'RE AFTER THE MONEY!

A MONKEY, EH? I'LL BET IT'S THE SAME ONE WHO BROKE MY CABINET THIS AFTERNOON!

DR. WATSON ARRIVES AT MARKO'S TENT, LOOKING FOR SOME CLUE TO THE ROBBERY!

HIS MASTER MUST BE AROUND SOMEPLACE, IF THE MONKEY IS OUT .. I'LL FIX THE TWO OF THEM -- I'LL PLANT SOME OF THIS MONEY IN THEIR TENT!

HO! HO -- SO THIS IS THE GUY WHO'S DOING THE DIRTY WORK!

BUT, MOST OF THE MONEY I HIDE IN THIS OLD CRATE! $500 IS ENOUGH TO PLANT IN THE BOY'S TENT!

WHAT A DIRTY SCUMMY TRICK!

MUST BE CAREFUL! NO ONE MUST SEE ME!

IT'S A GOOD THING I'M A NOSEY LITTLE GUY!

MARKO GETS INTO TERRY'S TENT!

HA HA! NOW, THEY OPEN THIS DRAWER... THEY'LL FIND THE STOLEN MONEY!

MEANWHILE, THE ROBBERY HAS BEEN DISCOVERED!

WHAT'S THE MATTER HERE? SOME ONE SAID THERE WAS A A ROBBERY?

THE PAY ROLL'S BEEN STOLEN!

A MONKEY DID IT! HE BRAINED ME WITH A CLUB!

A MONKEY, HUM? THEN THIS FELLOW'S BEHIND IT ALL! HE OWNS THE MONKEY.. IT'S THE SAME LITTLE BEAST WHO ...

WHAT'S UP? WHAT MONKEY? WHAT ABOUT IT YOUNG FELLER!

BEEN OUT WALKING, HUH? GOT A WITNESS? ANY ALIBI? LOOKS KINDA BAD, SON!

BUT, OFFICER, I TELL--

DON'T LISTEN, OFFICER-- SEARCH HIS TENT! WE'LL SEE IF THE MONKEY IS THERE!

AND MUCH TO TERRY'S SHOCKED AMAZEMENT!

YES, AND HE MUST HAVE THE REST HIDDEN SOMEWHERE ELSE!

HERE'S SOME OF THE MONEY, ANYWAY! YOU WERE RIGHT, MARKO!

HEY-- WHAT IS THIS?

COME ON- LET'S PULL THIS TENT TO PIECES! THIS FELLOW STOLE OUR SALARIES AND WE WANT THEM!

SURE, MARKO- SURE!

YES, COME ON!

THE BEST PLACE FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN, IS THE TOWN JAIL! YOU'RE GUILTY!

I HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST THIS FRAME-UP! MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO ESCAPE AND FIND THE ROBBERS!

OH, THERE'S DR. WATSON!

TERRY MAKES A DESPERATE BREAK ---

OWW -- ARREST HIM, OFFICER!

LET'S GO, DR. WATSON!

I HOPE I-HIT IT!

DR WATSON SMASHES THE LIGHT!

STOP HIM! STOP HIM!

THERE GOES THE MONKEY!

FIVE MINUTES LATER - IN TOWN.

YEAH, DEADLINE, THE PAY WAGON! THE COP WAS GOING TO ARREST ME SO I BEAT IT! I'M GOING TO FIND THE CROOKS!

DON'T WORRY, TERRY, WE'LL BE BACK SOON AND CLEAR YOU -- JUST STAY OUT OF SIGHT!

DR. WATSON HOWEVER HAS IDEAS OF HIS OWN !

DR WATSON - TO PLEASE YOU, WE WILL GO TO MARKO'S TENT

WHISK-WHISK-

DR. WATSON, YOU'RE SOME DETECTIVE! LISTEN --

OKAY, MEN, HERES YOUR SHARE OF THE MONEY! WE'LL PULL ANOTHER JOB NEXT WEEK!

MEET YOU NEXT WEEK IN MAYVIEW, MARKO!

I HEARD SOMETHING -- WHO'S THERE?

COME ON, MONK - WE MUST STOP HIM! HE'S GOT THE PAYROLL CASH!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MARKO! I'M WISE TO YOU!

YOU AGAIN!

AND THEN, IN THE LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE THAT FOLLOWS -- THE TWO FIGHTING FIGURES CRASH INTO A TABLE, KNOCKING OVER A KEROSENE LAMP!

WAK

KLONK!

TERRY AND MARKO ARE BOTH OUT COLD -- IT'S UP TO ME TO PUT OUT THE FIRE!

DR WATSON GRABS THE PAIL OF WATER-

IF I CAN (PUFF) GET IT ON HIS CHEST - (PUFF-PUFF) I'LL SPLASH THIS ON HIS FACE AND WAKE HIM UP! I HOPE- I HOPE! OR WE'RE ALL GONNA GET BURNED!

GLUB! BLUB! WHAT THE-

CHK - CHK - YIPPEE! IT WORKED!

THE NEXT DAY --

HEY, TERRY - MY PAPER WANTS AN INTERVIEW!

NOT FROM ME! YOU WANT DR WATSON!

YUP -- I SURE CLEANED UP THAT MYSTERY, DION'T I?

AND THANKS TO YOU, WE'VE RECOVERED A LOT OF THE STOLEN MONEY!

WELL, BOYS AND GIRLS, WHAT WILL TERRY AND DR. WATSON DO NEXT? BETTER READ THE MARVEL MAGAZINE AND FIND OUT!

The BOSS' SECRET

A FIRM hand came down on Steve's shoulder.

"I'll take that paper," the voice behind him said.

Steve turned and his eyes were glinted with steel.

"This is your paper, Mr. Smith?" he asked, pointing to a white sheet he held.

"Come into my office," Mr. Smith said, ignoring Steve's question.

They walked into the luxuriously furnished office of Mr Adolph Smith, president of the Smith Chemical Company. Mr. Smith sat down in his leather swivel chair behind the desk and motioned a chair to Steve. Steve ignored the motion and remained standing, stiff and frowning.

"You read the paper?" Mr. Smith asked; his face bland and expressionless.

Steve's face was white with anger. He turned to leave, but a man was leaning against the door, his rat-like little face smiling tolerantly. It was Mr. Vanderslice, vice-president of the company, who had just entered.

"And what on earth is the matter with our little office genius?" he asked jovially.

"I think we had better sit down and talk this thing over," Mr. Smith suggested. "I don't believe you will want to see the F.B.I., Steve," he said, with an ominous undertone. "You see, you can't report us when you are definitely a part of us, without indicting yourself. We've got something on you."

STEVE stopped in his tracks.

"Sit down and let me hear this whole story," Mr. Vanderslice said, taking Steve's arm and pushing him roughly into a chair. Steve didn't like Mr. Smith's tone, so he decided to hear what he had to say.

"Now, Mr. Vanderslice," Mr. Smith said, "Steve, here, found a paper I dropped. It happened to be our confidential decoded report from Smidt in Germany. It had no heading, so Steve read it to see whom it belonged to. Now he knows a little secret that belongs only to you and me, as far as this company is concerned. He seems to think, however, that the U. S. Federal Bureau of Investigation would be interested in this secret. I think we had better make it clear to him that unless he wants something to happen to himself and his family, he had better keep his mouth shut."

Steve gasped.

"Also," said Mr. Vanderslice, "I remember that you made a gadget which when attached to our processing machine, makes the machine work with three less men at the controls. This makes you one of the Smith Chemical Company's valued inventors."

"And so, Steve," Mr. Smith said, "if you try to report us to authorities, you will be reporting yourself, too, because you have been working hard for a German agent, improving a foreign company's production—"

"But I didn't know this company was owned by Germans when I made the gadget!" exclaimed Steve.

"Sure, I know your secret now," he said "Any fool who can read figures and letters could tell from that paper that all your profit from this supposedly patriotic American Smith Chemical Company is really going to the German Smidt Chemical Company in Berlin and——"

"Now, see here, young man," Mr. Smith said sternly, "lower your voice and talk sense. I'll not have such scenes in my office."

Steve's mind was in a whirl. He had to think this thing through. He rose, gave an angry look at each man and strode out of the room.

It was five o'clock. Steve headed for his house. He went in the front door and with a "Hello, Mom; I'm going for a ride," he walked out the back door. His whistle brought Streak galloping across the corral.

Steve climbed on Streak and was soon well out across the vast rolling prairie. He headed over toward the Inkwell Lakes. He loved to go over to those funny formations and look for different rocks and arrowheads. He had found and could name every rock around Gila Lake, the largest of the seven Inkwell Lakes, because he had been reading every book he could about geology and chemistry.

This afternoon, however, he didn't head for Gila.

"Guess I might as well look for some new

rocks over by Small Lake," he thought. "I haven't ever been over there to look around."

The sun was still high when he trailed Streak's reins and sat down on the edge of the lake. It was about one hundred feet across, but was perfectly round. It was, as were the other lakes, fed by underground rivers which cut through the soft limestone and formed these peculiar water holes.

STEVE'S thoughts were not on the wonderful tricks of nature before him, however. His forehead was clouded and his eyes were stern as he thought over his recent conversation with the heads of the chemical company.

"Boy!" he ejaculated to Streak. "What a spot I'm in! Why, I can't even tell my own Mom and Dad about it. Those scheming Nazis might—"

He looked down at the rocks with troubled eyes.

Suddenly, he noticed a peculiar green and orange rock with a strange speckle running lengthwise. He stooped and picked it up. He looked curiously around, then whistled to himself.

* * *

Steve went to work the next morning and tried to act as if nothing had happened. Inside, however, his stomach jumped with excitement.

Finally, eleven o'clock arrived. And as the clock struck, a young man walked into the Smith Chemical Company's main office. Steve saw him and rushed over to shake hands. It was his brother Don, who had just driven into town from Albuquerque after receiving an urgent wire from Steve.

Steve beckoned to an elderly man in a white laboratory coat who appeared at a nearby doorway

"This is Mr. Taylor, our head analysis technician, Don," he introduced the man.

They shook hands, then Steve led them to the door marked President. A voice within bade them enter, and they went in, to find both Mr. Smith and Mr. Vanderslice.

Don handed his card to Mr. Smith. It read: "Mr. Donald D. Mallen, Federal Bureau of Investigation, Aubuquerque, New Mexico."

Don came immediately to his business.

"I understand, Mr. Smith," he said, "that you have direct connections with the Smidt Chemical Company of Berlin, Germany, and that this company is a branch of the one in that country. As an agent of the F.B.I., I am here to investigate these accusations, which are un-American."

"If I were you, Mr. Mallen," Mr. Smith said, with a cunning smile, "I wouldn't go too far into such false reports. If you were to find anything —ah—questionable, you would only involve your own brother here. You see, he has given the company a very valuable device for one of our machines and thus aided the company immensely. If you were to discover that this company has been aiding the Nazi Government, you would also discover that your brother has contributed to this end. You would not want to see him in—a—jail?"

"No, I wouldn't care for that," Don admitted. "But, I don't have to worry about it. It happens that my brother can prove he is a solid, patriotic U. S. citizen, with no desire for aiding our Axis enemies. Yesterday he discovered a certain rock at Small Lake which aroused his curiosity. Having read a great deal about ores, he thought perhaps this rock might prove his suspicion that it contained the valuable and rare deposit of lanq, which, as you know, is used in hardening metal for arms and which is scarce in the U. S. Mr. Taylor ran off tests late last night and discovered lanq is present in this rock. On learning this, Don and Mr. Taylor wired the research departments in Washington, informing them of the wonderful find."

"Proves I'm an American sympathizer, doesn't it?" grinned Steve. "If I'd loved the Nazis I'd have told the Smith Company president about it and then he could arrange to smuggle it into Germany via submarines, and so forth."

"My brother has proved his interets are in the U. S., Mr. Smith," Don said, "but you and Mr. Vanderslice have yet to prove where your interests are. I'll ask you to please get your coats and accompany me to Albuquerque for questioning."

"Sorry," said Vanderslice, reaching inside his coat . Quick as a flash came two shots. One sailed just past Steve's head, the other nicked Don's shoulder. He spun around, pulling his gun as he twirled, and dropped behind the desk.

Steve made a long dive and reached a heavy oak chair. With one strong swing, he shoved it across the polished floor.

With a crash it collided with Vanderslice and Smith. Both fell, and the gun was knocked from Vanderslice's hand. Steve grabbed it.

"Stay right where you are," Steve shouted at Vanderslice and Smith, as he held the gun steadily on them.

Don rose, gun in hand, and whistled shrilly. In came two of his men, who had been on the alert outside.

"Take 'em away," Don said, and the men herded Vanderslice and Smith away.

FINIS

THE PATRIOT

THE PATRIOT FRUSTRATES A DARING JAPANESE COUP WITHIN THE VERY SHADOWS OF OUR OWN SAN FRANCISCO BAY!!! A SINISTER PLOT, THAT THREATENS THE LIFE OF A BELOVED ALLY!...A PERSONALITY DEAR TO THE DEMOCRATIC PEOPLES FIGHTING HER GALLANT NATION'S BATTLE AGAINST THE CRUEL JAPANESE WARLORDS!

IN A GREAT PASSENGER PLANE WINGING TOWARD THE WEST, WE MEET JEFF MACE AND MARY!

EVEN IF CASEY'S HUNCH IS RIGHT AND, MADAM CHIANG IS IN THE COUNTRY, THE O.W.I WOULDN'T LET US USE THE STORY!

GUESS HE WANTS TO HAVE IT READY FOR RELEASE WHEN THEY DO O.K. IT!

SOME TIME LATER IN SAN FRANCISCO...

WHY THE CHINESE QUARTER ?

BECAUSE THAT'S THE SAFEST PLACE FOR THE MADAM TO HIDE IF SHE' WANTED TO REMAIN INGOGNITO!

READ ALL ABOUT IT! ..WUXTRA!... JAPS BREAK FROM INTERNMENT CAMP!

HERE ! GIVE ME ONE !

WHEW!...A DOZEN NIPS MADE A CLEAN GET AWAY LAST NIGHT!

JEFF! SOMETHING IS UP OVER THERE ...IN THAT CROWD

JEFF AND MARY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CROWD AND OVERHEAR AN ARGUMENT...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN NO MORE GUESTS? I HAVE AN INVITATION! I DEMAND TO SEE DR. HUI WONG!

HIM NO HERE! YOU GO AWAY PLEASE! NO CAN GO INSIDE

CHINESE-AMERICAN SOCIETY

JEFF!

YOU COVER THE FRONT, MARY, I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET IN THROUGH THE BACK!

AH!! I'LL GET IN THROUGH THE CELLAR! SOMETHING SCREWY GOING ON! THOSE BABIES WERE NO CHINESE!

THEY WERE NIPS! AND THAT TIES IN WITH THAT ESCAPE AND MADAM'S PRESENCE HERE!

JEFF FINDS HIMSELF ON A BALCONY OVERLOOKING A HUGE BANQUET HALL...

..AND NIPS MEAN TROUBLE! AND TROUBLE MEANS THE PATRIOT MUST BE READY TO ACT!

SOME KIND OF BANQUET! AND THAT'S MADAME ALL RIGHT AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE! HEY! WHAT'S THAT COMING THROUGH THOSE DOORS BACK OF HER?

AND OUT OF THOSE DOORS!

PLEASE TO REMAIN SEATED EVERYONE! NO MOVE! OR SHOOT MY MEN ARE STATIONED AT ALL DOORS! NO TRY TO ESCAPE, PLEASE!

AS THE ESCAPED JAPS ARE ABOUT TO LEAD MADAM AWAY... A THUNDERING FIGURE FLASHES DOWN FROM THE BALCONY.

YOU COME WITH US!

BOMBS AWAY, NIPPOS HERE I COME!

LOOK! IT'S THE PATRIOT!

YOU'LL HAVE TO COME FASTER THAN THAT TO GET ME!

YOW!

OOF!

YOU WORMS AREN'T TAKING MADAM ANY-WHERE!

WOOF!

UGH!

THE PATRIOT BATTLES VALIANTLY IN THE FACE OF OVERWHELMING ODDS AND EVENTUALLY GOES DOWN UNDER A CONCERTED ATTACK...

AND COMES TO JUST AS THE POLICE ARRIVE!

YEP! MADE A CLEAN GET AWAY WITH MADAM!

HER LIFE'S IN DANGER!..OOPS! HERE COMES MARY!..BETTER BEAT IT!

THE PATRIOT, TO AVOID MARY, RACES THROUGH THE KITCHEN.., A STRANGE SIGHT MEETS HIS EYES!

SO THAT'S HOW THEY DO IT? BOUND THE REGULAR CHINESE HELP AND TOOK OVER, EH!.. WHAT'S THIS?... PRETTY THIN ROPE TO USE!

THE ALERT MIND OF THE PATRIOT CLICKS THE CLUES INTO A PERFECT PATTERN...

WHY IT'S TWINE THAT'S USED TO MAKE FISHING NETS AND I CAN STILL SMELL THE FISH ODOR!

I KNOW I'M RIGHT! FISH AND JAPS ALWAYS DID MAKE SENSE!

MINUTES LATER, OUR HERO ARRIVES AT THE DOCKS WHERE THE JAP FISHING FLEET IS INTERNED FOR THE DURATION.

(GROAN) MUST BE A THOUSAND OF 'EM! HOW AM I GOING TO KNOW WHICH ONE THEYRE HOLDING MADAM ON???

I'LL FIND THEM IF I HAVE TO SEARCH EVERY BOAT .... OOPS! I FOUND THEM!

THE GUARD REPORTS THE PATRIOT'S PRESENCE!..

PLEASE TO GET HER INTO LAUNCH! MUST GET AWAY BEFORE HE RETURNS WITH CONTEMPTIBLE AMERICAN POLICE!

CANNOT WAIT FOR DARKNESS! SHALL TAKE CHANCE AND MEET OUR SUBMARINE IN BAY! FIRE FISHING FLEET AND KILL HATED DOG KNOWN AS PATRIOT!

HEY! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY IN THAT LAUNCH!... YOW! THEY SET THE WHOLE WATERFRONT ABLAZE!

AFTER A FEW EXHAUSTING MINUTES, THE LAUNCH LEAVES THE PATRIOT FAR BEHIND

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY AND I'M ALL IN... HEY!... HERE COMES A FIREBOAT! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

HOLY YOWLING CATFISH! IT'S THE PATRIOT!

DON'T STOP! I'LL TRY TO CATCH YOUR LINE AND COME ABOARD MYSELF!

THE PATRIOT QUICKLY EXPLAINS!

I CAN SEE THEM ALL RIGHT! THE OTHER FIRE BOATS CAN PUT OUT THE BLAZE, WHILE WE CATCH THAT LAUNCH!

HARD APORT! ENGINES... FULL SPEED AHEAD!

SWELL! I'LL GUIDE YOU FROM THE TOP OF THE WATER TOWER!

WITH ENGINES THROBBING AND BOILERS HAMMERING TO THE BURSTING POINT, THE STRANGE CHASE IS CARRIED ON OUT INTO THE WATERS OF THE BAY!

LOOK! THE CRAFT THAT HAS BEEN CHASING US!

WE WILL SUBMERGE BEFORE THEY CAN REACH US!

(GROAN) NEVER GET THEM IN TIME! THERE GOES THE LAST NIP DOWN INTO THE CONNING TOWER! ONLY ONE CHANCE AND I'M TAKING IT!... HERE GOES!

UNDAUNTED BY THE SLIM MARGIN OF SUCCESS ...THE PATRIOT DIVES DOWN INTO THE SMALL OPENING OF THE SUB'S CONNING TOWER...

BULL'S EYE!

YOW! OOF!

'NOW, TRY TO SUBMERGE WITH THE CONNING TOWER OPEN, RATS!'

THE PATRIOT BATTLES THE JAP ATTEMPT TO CLOSE THE CONNING TOWER LONG ENOUGH FOR THE FIRE BOAT TO ARRIVE!

BACK! YOU SNAKES! NO ONE GOES UP THAT LADDER!... RAY! HERE COME THE SMOKE EATERS!

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU, PATRIOT?

BY GETTING TO SAFETY WHILE THE BOYS WRECK THOSE SONS OF THE SETTING SUN!

LATER, ABOARD THE PLANE WINGING BACK EAST.

I WONDER WHO BEAT ME TO THE PUNCH AND WIRED CASEY THE STORY?

MUST BE THAT HERO OF YOURS, THE PATRIOT, WHO ELSE WOULD BE GALLANT ENOUGH TO USE YOUR NAME?!.. DON'T CATCH ME GIVING ANYONE THE CREDIT FOR A SCOOP! NO SIREE!

THE END

Miss AMERICA

KILL!!! OR YOUR FAMILY WILL DIE!

..A WARPED TWISTED BRAIN PLOTS AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF MURDERS!! MISS AMERICA TAKES A HAND IN THIS GAME OF DEATH AND BATTLES A MAD MONSTER IN THE ADVENTURES OF THE..

CHAIN MURDERS!

MADELINE JOYCE AND HER UNCLE JIM ON THEIR WAY TO HIS OFFICE, HEAR A NEWS REPORT!

THE ARCH FIEND OF THE CHAIN MURDERS HAS STRUCK AGAIN! THIS MAKES THE SIXTH VICTIM! ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY MATHERS SAYS...

HOW AWFUL!

IT'S PERKINS, SID! HE FAINTED!

BRING HIM INTO MY OFFICE!

IT'S THE CHAIN MURDERER! (GROAN) I GOT THIS LETTER!

GREAT CAESAR! LET ME SEE!

IF I DON'T KILL AS THE LETTER DIRECTS, MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER WILL DIE! (GROAN)

COME! WE'LL GO SEE THE D.A.! HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE!

AT THE D.A'S OFFICE!

THIS IS MATHERS WHO HAS HANDLED ALL THE CHAIN MURDER CASES!

STEP INTO MY OFFICE; PLEASE!

LATER---

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR FAMILY! I'M ASSIGNING A POLICE GUARD TO YOUR HOUSE! GOOD-BYE!

I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME!

IN THE CAR, MADELINE ASKS A STRANGE QUESTION!

DO YOU KNOW THE ASSISTANT D.A.?--OR DOES HE KNOW YOU?

WHY---NO! NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE!

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MADELINE, ON A SHOPPING PRETENSE, HAS HER UNCLE STOP THE CAR!

WHY THE SUDDEN DECISION TO GO SHOPPING?

THAT STORE--- WE PASSED--- I SAW SOMETHING!

SECONDS LATER, A FAMILIAR FIGURE ZOOMS TOWARD A TOWERING BUILDING!

TIME MISS AMERICA TOOK A HAND! I THINK I'LL VISIT MR. ASSISTANT D.A.!

JUST A MINUTE, MR. MATHERS!

WHAT TH--?? IT'S MISS AMERICA!!

WRITE YOUR CONFESSION! ---YOU ARE THE FIEND BEHIND THE CHAIN MURDERS!

BUT HOW DID YOU GUESS?

A CUNNING HAND CLOSES AROUND AN INK WELL AS MISS AMERICA TALKS!

YOU GAVE YOURSELF AWAY WHEN YOU MENTIONED HE NEVER HAD A WIFE AND DAUGHTER! I NEVER GAVE YOU THAT INFORMATION!

--AND ONLY THE FIEND--

OW! MY EYES!

HA-HA! YOU WILL NEVER LIVE TO DENOUNCE ME!

UGH!

HA-HA!

THE FIENDISH KILLER CRASHES A HEAVY PAPER WEIGHT AGAINST MISS AMERICA'S HEAD AS SHE'S WIPING THE INK FROM HER EYES--BUT THE SOUND OF APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS STAYS THE MURDEROUS HAND READY TO DELIVER THE DEATH BLOW!!

SOMEONE'S COMING! I'LL LOCK HER IN THIS CABINET FOR NOW!

THERE YOU ARE, MATHERS! WE'LL GO TO THE PERKIN'S HOUSE! I WANT TO ASK SOME QUESTIONS!

MEDDLING FOOL! NOW I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM!

I'LL GO BACK AND KILL MISS AMERICA AFTER I'VE TAUGHT PERKINS A LESSON! HOW DARE HE DEFY ME---HE MUST DIE!

THE CRAFTY KILLER OUTLINES A PLAN TO GET RID OF THE POLICE GUARDING THE PERKIN'S HOME!

THE KILLER WON'T STRIKE AS LONG AS THE PLACE IS GUARDED! SEND THEM AWAY AND WHEN HE COMES, YOU AND I CAN GRAB HIM!

HMN? SOMETHING IN THAT! WE CAN TRY IT!

WHY ARE THE POLICE LEAVING?

DON'T BE ALARMED! WE HAVE A PLAN TO TRAP THE KILLER!

HA-HA! AND THIS IS **MY** PLAN! YOU FOOL!

GOOD HEAVENS-- YOU ???

YES! I AM THE CHAIN MURDERER!

AND AS THE MENACING FIGURE OF THE CRAZED KILLER ADVANCES, WE RETURN TO MISS AMERICA LOCKED IN THE CABINET IN MATHER'S OFFICE! IT'S JUST SEVERAL MINUTES AFTER MATHER AND THE D.A. LEAVE FOR THE PERKIN'S HOME!

OUCH! MY HEAD! WHERE AM I? GOSH, NOW I REMEMBER!

MISS AMERICA'S UNUSUAL POWER SENDS HER CRASHING OUT OF THE CABINET!

CRASH

I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE AND IN A HURRY!

AND INTO THE AIR!!

THE PERKINS HOME! THAT KILLER WILL TRY TO MAKE GOOD THE THREAT OF THE CHAIN MURDER LETTER!

--AND AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE PERKIN'S HOME---

HA-HA! YOU WILL DIE! I MUST HAVE MURDERERS TO PROSECUTE AND CONVICT! SO I CREATE MURDERERS MYSELF! I WILL BECOME FAMOUS!

I WILL BE THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY! GOVERNOR! EVEN PRESID----!!

AH-YOW!

THIS OUGHT TO PUT AN END TO YOUR AMBITIONS!

BOP

--FIVE! SIX! THAT'S THE END OF YOUR AMMUNITION, RAT!

ZOOM! ZOOM!

THE KILLER TOPPLES BACK INTO THE DAUGHTER TRYING TO EVADE HIS FALLING FIGURE!

AND THE END OF YOU!

--AND REGAINS HIS FEET QUICKLY, USING THE GIRL AS A HUMAN SHIELD!

BACK! ALL OF YOU! IF YOU TRY TO STOP ME, SHE DIES!

MISS AMERICA TAKES TO THE AIR AS THE KILLER MAKES HIS ESCAPE!

OH! HE'LL KILL HER! MY POOR LITTLE GIRL!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

GOSH! THAT CAR'LL LEAVE THE ROAD ANY MINUTE AT THE RATE HE'S GOING!

MUSTN'T MISS! I WON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE!

THAT SHE DEVIL AGAIN!

DIVING WITH THE SPEED OF A METEOR, MISS AMERICA SWEEPS THE GIRL FROM THE GRASP OF THE MANIAC!

MADE IT!

ZOOM!

SQUEAL-L-L!

THE STARTLED MATHERS LOSES CONTROL AND CRASHES THE CAR!

CRASH!

STAY HERE, I'LL BE BACK! THAT KILLER HAS MORE LIVES THAN A CAT! THERE HE GOES ACROSS THAT FIELD!

THE KILLER IS CORNERED!

DANGER HIGH TENSION WIRES

O.K., RAT! NOW I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU APART!

SUDDENLY, THE MURDEROUS MANIAC LEAPS FOR THE FENCE!

NEVER!

AND AS HIS HAND TOUCHES THE FENCE---

SOMETIME LATER--- MISS AMERICA, ONCE AGAIN AS MADELINE JOYCE, ENTERS HER HOME!

I BOUGHT THE CUTEST OUTFIT--!

BAH! WHILE YOU WERE SHOPPING, MISS AMERICA CAUGHT THAT CHAIN MURDERER! JUST HEARD IT ON THE AIR!

THE END

The ANGEL

AGE DOOR

INGRID ILSEN

Drug

BEHIND THE LOVELY MASK OF FLOWERS IS HIDDEN A FACE OF HORROR AND BLOODY DEATH -- THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL MUST FALL UPON A SCENE OF CRIME IN ORDER TO SOLVE THE MURDER OF INGRED ILSEN!

THE ANGEL IS SEEN STROLLING DOWN THE AVENUE OF BROKEN DREAMS -- THE GREAT WHITE WAY!

WITH THE DIMOUT LIFTED, TIMES SQUARE LOOKS LIKE A HUGE CHRISTMAS TREE!

NO RIGHT TURN

Laggitt

SUDDENLY--

CARNATION, MISTER?

UH? OH -- YES! I COULD USE ONE.

STAGE DOOR

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST-- AN UGLY OLD WOMAN SELLING FLOWERS!

THEN, A HALF BLOCK AWAY--

AIEEEE!

WHAT'S THAT-- A WOMAN SCREAMING!

MUST HAVE COME FROM THAT ALLEY-WAY -- LOOK AT THE PEOPLE RUNNING IN!

OH! HOW HORRIBLE!

ANGEL PUSHES THROUGH THE GATHERING CROWD - -

BOY -- SHE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT! SAY, THAT'S INGRID ILSEN, THE ACTRESS!

WHAT'S THIS?! A CARNATION -- EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE I BOUGHT! HMM -- WONDER IF THE FLOWER WOMAN HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS?

ANGEL SWIFTLY PREPARES FOR ACTION ...

NO OTHER CLUES AROUND HERE -- MY BEST BET IS TO FIND THE FLOWER WOMAN!

THANK HEAVENS-- IT'S THE ANGEL!

THE EXCITED BYSTANDERS CALM DOWN QUICKLY AS THEY REALIZE ANGEL HAS TAKEN OVER!

I JUST CALLED THE POLICE, ANGEL!

GEE, MAW! LOOK - - - THE ANGEL!

HAS ANYONE HERE SEEN A WOMAN SELLING FLOWERS?

ONE MAN DIRECTS ANGEL TO THE STREET CORNER WHERE - -

THERE SHE IS! SAY -- LOOK AT THE CAR SHE'S GETTING INTO!

AND, AS THE CAR PULLS AWAY, ANGEL RACES FORWARD --

NOW I'M SURE SHE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MURDER!

--- A POWERFUL JUMP AND ---

MADE IT!

A TRAFFIC COP SEES ANGEL'S DARING LEAP..

WHAT TH'...? ANGEL HITCHIN' A RIDE? SOMETHING'S UP!

MINUTES LATER ...

THE CAR'S SLOWING UP.. LOOKS TO ME AS THOUGH THEY WERE GOING TO STOP AT THAT OLD FRAME BUILDING!

GOT TO BE CAREFUL NOW UNTIL I KNOW WHAT'S UP! THIS PLACE CERTAINLY LOOKS DESERTED!

SO THAT'S IT! - A TRAPDOOR LEADING INTO THEIR HIDEOUT! BUT WHO IS THE OLD LADY! AND, WHY DID SHE KILL INGRID ILSEN?

THE ANSWERS TO THOSE QUESTIONS LIE THROUGH THIS DOOR -- HAVE TO FIND OUT! HMM - THESE STAIRS LEAD DOWN TO A - -

SUDDENLY, DANGER FROM BEHIND - -

YOU'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

OCK!

OW!

TEN MINUTES LATER, THE ANGEL REVIVES IN STRANGE QUARTERS - -

OHH -- MY HEAD!

HEE, YOU'LL REGRET HAVING FOLLOWED US, ANGEL!

LUCKY I SAW HIM! WELL, GUESS YOU CAN HANDLE HIM -- I'LL BE GETTING BACK ON WATCH!

ANGEL PLAYS FOR TIME - -

YOU KILLED INGRED ILSEN!

AND, IF I DID? SO WHAT?

WHY DID YOU KILL HER?

TO PUT HER OUT OF OUR WAY! NOW, ANGEL, WATCH! SEE HOW COMPLETELY YOU HAVE BEEN FOOLED!

A SWIFT MOVE BY THE "WOMAN" AND..

WHY--YOU'RE A MAN IN DISGUISE!

OBVIOUSLY! SIEGFRIED KUNZ, SPECIAL AGENT FOR THE GESTAPO!

WE TRIED TO FORCE INGRID TO GET INFORMATION FROM HIGH RANKING OFFICERS SHE KNOWS, BUT SHE REFUSED AND THREATENED TO EXPOSE US -- SO WE --ER-- ELIMINATED HER!

WHY, YOU COLD BLOODED --

UH-UH -- YOU ARE SECURELY TIED, ANGEL!

HERE IS THE TIME BOMB, HERR KUNZ!

THANK YOU, HANS!

WHAT NEXT? WOULD YOU BE PLANNING TO BLOW UP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING?

WHY, NO, ANGEL -- THIS IS A LITTLE GIFT TO YOU--IT WOULD BE SILLY FOR US TO LET YOU LIVE -- NOW, WOULDN'T IT?

NICE PRESENT!

TNT

YOU'LL RECEIVE A BIG AND FITTING SENDOFF WHEN THIS EXPLODES IN FIVE MINUTES!

WHAT'S ALL THE RUSH TO GET RID OF ME?

TNT

SUDDENLY...

HERR KUNZ, THE POLICE HAVE SURROUNDED THIS BUILDING!

HIMMEL! HOW DID THEY KNOW?

IT DOESN'T MATTER! THE BOMB WILL BLOW THEM ALL UP! COME DOWN -- WE LEAVE THROUGH THE SEWER EXIT!

JA! UND ANGEL VILL NOT BOTHER US AGAIN!

SWEET DREAMS, ANGEL!

I DON'T DIE SO EASILY, RAT!

DEEP WITHIN THE SEWER TUNNEL --

WE WAIT HERE TO MAKE SURE THE BOMB EXPLODES!

JA!

MEANWHILE, ANGEL STRIVES TO STALL OFF CERTAIN DEATH - -

TWO MINUTES MORE AND I'M A DEAD DUCK! I MUST STOP THAT BOMB -- MY FEET ARE FREE -- PERHAPS..

... IF I CAN ONLY SNAG MY FOOT IN THAT WIRE..

TNT

THE ANGEL'S FOOT JERKS UPWARD ABRUPTLY AND -

THAT DID IT! -I SEVERED THE WIRES!

TNT

THE POLICE ENTER CAUTIOUSLY AT THIS INSTANT!

THERE'S THE ANGEL!

HELLO, BOYS! GLAD TO SEE YOU!

I SAW YOU HITCHIN' ON BACK OF THAT SEDAN! FIGURED THERE'D BE TROUBLE SO I GOT SOME OF THE BOYS AND FOLLOWED YOU HERE!

THIS IS THE NEST OF A GANG OF NAZI RATS!

THEY WENT THROUGH THAT DOOR! C'MON! BUT BE CAREFUL!

YOU BET!

KUNZ AND HIS MEN STARE IN FEAR AND DISBELIEF AS ANGEL AND THE POLICE BREAK INTO THE SUB-CELLAR!

REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU, KUNZ?

HIMMEL! HE IS ALIVE!

THE NAZIS OPEN FIRE--

OW! THEY NICKED ME!

DUCK, MEN!

DIE, YANKEE SWINE!

HEIL HITLER!

USING THAT OVER-HEAD PIPE AND THIS PIECE OF WIRE FROM THE BOMB, SHOULD BE ABLE TO STOP THEM!

ANGEL THROWS THE WIRE OVER THE PIPE AND TAKES OFF . . .

BOMBS AWAY, SUCKERS!

YAS - YOU ARE MAD? STOP!

STRIKE! SET 'EM UP AGAIN!

OW-W!

YAGHH

CRASH!

THIS ONE'S FOR THE KLUNK YOU GAVE ME, BOZO!

AWAHHH!

THE GAS MAIN--HA! I'LL SEND A BULLET THROUGH IT--AND ASPHYXIATE THE ANGEL!

GAS MAIN

THE REMAINING NAZIS ARE CAPTURED.

POOR FOOL! HIS BULLET CAUSED A SPARK AND IGNITED THE GAS!

WE HAVE THEM ALL NOW, ANGEL!

THE PISTOL CRACKS. THE SLUG SHATTERS THE PIPE, BUT--A TORRENT OF FLAME ROARS FORTH!

AIEEEE!

BUT ANGEL HAS GONE--ONLY THE SHADOW OF JUSTICE REMAINS--THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!

WELL, I'LL BE-- JUS' LIKE THE ANGEL TO VANISH INTO THIN AIR!

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